

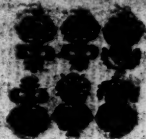
POETA DE TRISTIBUS:
OR, THE
Poet's Complaint.

A
P O E M

In Four CANTOS.

Ovid de Trist.

*Parue, nec inideo, sine me Liber ibis in Urbem:
Hei mihi! quò*



L O N D O N.

Printed by Henry Faithorne and John Nersey, at the
Table in St. Paul's Church-Yard. 1682.

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The Publisher's Epistle to the

READER.

Courteous Reader,

THE following Poem was presented me about a year ago; and (as it appears by the Author's Epistle to me) was designed only for my Private Divertisement: But numerous Draughts being dispers'd abroad, by the Unworthiness of a Gentleman I Trusted it withal, I was more easily perswaded to Publish the Original, to prevent the Inconveniencies of a Sur-reptitious Copy, which, without my Allowance, was designed for the Press.

The Author being out of *England*, I would not venture to set his Name to it; nor have I presumed thus far, without extraordinary regret; not that I know any other Reason that enforces

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The Publisher's Epistle to the Reader.

a concealment, besides that it was sent to me with such a Bond. I am sure no particular Person can pretend to any distaste; and *Satyr* on general Subjects was ever Allowable, *Religion* and *Government* only excepted.

But I must Confess, that in the Third Part of this Poem, there were some Capital Letters which began the Names of certain Poets of this Age, but them I have so altered, lest any Offence should be given, that by them I am sure no Discovery can be made. I will no longer detain you from your better Divertisement in the following Poem; which, if you have any good Nature, you cannot chuse but favour, especially if you carry along with you those several Circumstances which in the way will offer themselves to you in the Author's behalf.

Farewel.

The

The Author's Epistle.

SIR,

M*Y Obedience to your desire so happily concentring with my Inclination to this Subject, has in less than a fortnight's space produc'd what here you see. To you I need not make any Apology for its Artless Habit, who very well know my want of years, and a necessary Experience in the Ages humour; nor can you reasonably expect any extraordinary strokes from one whose thoughts are divided between so many various Afflictions; since Ovid himself, when Condemn'd to Banishment, was forc'd to resign that Spirit of Poetry, which animated all his Works, besides that of his De Tristibus. Besides, I must desire your Parience to observe, that (the Verse I use being a kind of Doggrel) it is but Natural that now and then it should run harsh and rugged; nor do I believe I have done amiss by forcing my self sometimes to be so very plain and familiar. As for the Rhyme and Measure, though perhaps they may not always answer the strictest Law; yet I do not think it worth the while to make any excuse for that, being faults so inconsiderable, that they are seldom reflected on, but by the meanest sort of Criticks, who want judgment to discern the Intrigues of Humour and Invention, which are the Principal Ingredients of a Poem, and which I must needs confess are here extremely deficient: For as this little Poem was written extempore, so it presumes to kiss your hand in its*

The Author's Epistle.

*Native unpolish'd shape, not having the least thought
or word of it Corrected; for to Morrow being the time
we design to take Shipping, I had not so much leisure
as to Transcribe it.*

*I must Confess, it seems unnatural, that one who
pretends to the Title of a Poet, should endeavour, as
I have done, to disparage his own Profession. How-
ever, the Poets of this Age, whom it most concerns, I
hope will not take it unkindly of me, since doing thus,
I only follow the Example they have given me; for in
that short time of my Residence in London, among
all the Poets I was in Company with, I heard little else
besides their Complaints, and unmerciful damnings
both of the Times and one another. Neither have I
seen a Modern Play but either began or ended in the
same Tune. Some few of which I have, for Example-
sake, here presumed to quote.*

In the Prologue to Aurenzebe.

THE Clergy thrives, and the Litigious Bar,
Dull Heroes fatten by the Spoils of War.
All Southern Vices (Heav'n be prais'd) are here,
But Wit's a Luxury you count too dear.

In the Epilogue to the Libertine.

SDeath! What a Devil would you have us do?
Each take a Prison, and there humbly sue,
Angling for single Money in a Shoe? }

In the Epilogue to Monsieur Rogoos.

IAm a Poet, and I'll prove it plain,
Both by my empty Purse, and empty Brain.

I've

The Author's Epistle.

*I've other Reasons to confirm it too;
I've great, and self-conceits of all I do.
As for my Play, I Pawn'd it to some Cit,
At least six Months before my Play was writ.
But when the third day comes, away I run,
Knowing that then in sholes come all my Duns.
If these things make me not a proper Poet,
He that has better Title, let him shew it.*

*In the Prologue to Theodosius; Or the
Force of Love.*

ON Poets only no kind Star e're smil'd,
Curst Fate has damn'd 'em every Mothers Child.
Therefore he warns his Brothers of the Stage
To write no more to an ingrateful Age.
Think what penurious Masters you have serv'd;
Tasso ran mad, and Noble Spencer starv'd.
Turn then, who e're thou art, that canst Write well,
Thy Ink to Gall, and in Lampoons excell.
For swear all Honesty, traduce the Great,
Grow Impudent, and rail against the State;
Bursting with Spleen, abroad thy Pasquils send,
And choose some Libel-spreader for thy Friend.
The Wit and Want of Timon point thy Mind,
And for thy Satyr-subject chuse Mankind.

*In the Prologue to the Unhappy Favourite;
or the Earl of Essex.*

THE Merchant, joyful with th' hopes of Gain,
Ventures his Life and Fortunes on the Main;
But the poor Poet oft'ner does expose
More than his Life, his Credit, for Applause.

The Author's Epistle.

In the Epilogue to the same Play.

LET those who call us Wicked, change their Sence,
For never Men liv'd more on Providence:
Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore;
Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents
Of the three last angiving Parliaments.
So Wretched, that if Pharaoh could Divine,
He might have spar'd his Dream of seven lean Kine, }
And chang'd the Vision for the Muses Nine.

And a little after.

'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
For then the Printer's Press would suffer more:
Their Pamphleteers their Venom daily spit,
They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.

Now I do not blame these Ingenuous Gentlemen for inveighing against the thing to which they owe their Ruin; nor were it to any purpose to endeavour to conceal a Truth so generally taken notice of: For who is Ignorant of this, that a Man, in all Professions, except that of Poetry, may with Honour advance a Livelihood? But that (though it may be sometimes found proper for the Divertisement of those few who have leisure to read it) was ever known to be most unprofitable to the Authors; for few or none have been Advanced by it, though many have been hindred by this Art of Versifying, from making their Fortune otherwise in the World. Yea, this Profession is grown so Vile and abject, that whereas others count it an Honour

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The Author's Epistle.

nour to be filed Physicians, Barristers, or the like; these are offended with the very Name of Poet: And that with good Reason too, since Poetry only glories in Disguising the Truth; for which cause it begins to be Banished even from Theatres, to which alone it was Destinated; and Prose is now come in request, being prefer'd for its Gracefulness and Naturalness above it: By which means this Art is in danger to be confin'd to the Corners of Streets, to serve only for Songs and Ballads. Hence it was that Ovid was so severely Punished by his Father, to make him leave off this Art, which proved so unlucky to him, that he became of a Rich Roman Knight, a Miserable Exile among Barbarians. Hence Plato was pleased to Banish it out of his imaginary Common-Wealth. And Philip, the first Christian Emperour, denied them those Immunities which he granted to all others. Numerous Instances of this Nature offer themselves to my Pen, but I must take care not to stretch my Epistle too far, for fear you should Reflect on it, what was formerly said on Sir William D'avenant's Preface before his Gondibert,

A Preface to no Book, a Porch to no House,

Here is the Mountain, but where is the Mouse? However, I must not neglect to desire this one Favour of you, that after you have taken the pains to peruse these undigested Lines, you would be pleased to bestow on them a Funeral Fire; or if you apprehend that Sentence to be too severe, I do most earnestly beg of you to keep them Secret to your self, without shewing them to your trustiest Friend, at least, with my Name

The Author's Epistle.

to them. It were superfluous now to engage you not to convey them to the Censorious World through the Press, since that, and more was already by the precedent Caution imply'd; besides, the Opinion I have of your Candour, is better grounded, than to admit of any such Jealousie.

I will now only add my most hearty Thanks for all your Favours, particularly for the Piece of Gold I Received inclosed in your last Letter; and had some others of my Relations proved as kind to me as your self, or had I in my own Countrey met with encouragement any way sutable to my Endeavours, I had not in this Passion shaken hands with it. But now I am in hast to be gone, yet will for ever remain,

Dearest Cousin!

Your assured, Faithful Friend,
and most Humble Servant.

Dated at Dover the Tenth
day of January, 168^o.

POETA

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POETA DE TRISTIBUS:

OR, THE

Poet's Complaint.

A
P O E M.

The First CANTO.

SInce here I'm bandy'd up and down
By the keen blows of Fortunes frown,
Whil'ſt Art and Nature vainly ſtrive
To make th' unhappy Poet live;
I'll fly ſuch Native Plagues as theſe
For Refuge, to the calmer Seas:
And try if boading Stars diſſence
Ev'ry where the ſame influence.
Climes vary Conſtitutions, ſo
Why may not they change Fortunes too?

B

Through

Through th' habitable World I'll go,
 And if that fails, I'll search for new.
 Wit somewhere has a happy Reign,
 Or Nature gives us Thoughts in vain.
 Tho' here her bounty she provides
 For ev'ry thing which breathes besides.

The Dunc made Bachelor of Art,
 Some Fustian Sermon learns by heart,
 Then Preaches 'fore a Country Squire,
 Who his deep Learning does admire,
 And gives him sixscore pounds a year.
 But he must Marry th' Chamber Maid,
 Who is, forsooth, a Mistress made,
 So he goes on with a fair hope,
 And of his Pulpit makes a Shop.

So Quacks as eas'ly as they will,
 Can get Licenses to kill,
 Whilst the hungry Poet may
 For an *Imprimatur* stay,
 Till h' has eaten up his Play.

Yet since the Press has lately had
 Its Liberty, 'tis near as bad.
 For scarce a broken Shop-keeper,
 Or a cast Serving-man grown bare,
 But herds among our starved Crew,
 And falls a Writing Poems too.
 The Plot, the Jesuit, and the Pope
 Are now grown Theams for ev'ry Fop.

Who

Who by such wretched Ballad-ware,
Makes Writing cheap, and Paper dear.

See how the gaping Merchants range,
Hunting their Chapmen on the Change,
Whose various Voices frame a sound,
Like Billows when their Ships are drown'd,
And in one hour more fat do sweat
Than th' Poet in a year can get.
Those worst of Atheists! who do hold
There is no Deity but Gold!
They hate the Poet 'cause he's poor,
And only th' Golden Calf adore.
Our Plays, they say, are wicked dear,
Th' expence in Ballads will go far.
Nay, I protest I've heard some say
Plays are a kind of Popery.
I th' City-shops they're thought Profane,
As were Minc'd-pies in Cromwel's Reign.
Where, when for Dryden's Works I came,
They vow'd they never heard his Name.
But they had Baxter's, if you please,
And such-like precious things as these.
Bless 'em from Plays; they'd rather go
Unto a Conventicle, or so.

The Stationer grows fat on th' gain,
He sucks from the poor Poet's brain.
He, and the Printer, who does know
Nothing beyond the Cris-cros-row,

Do still their Heads together joyn
 To cheat the Poet of his Coyn.
 Whil'st he, poor Drudge! must toil and sweat
 Honourable stabs to get,
 And is forc'd to sigh, and stay
 For the Lawrel 'till he's gray:
 And at last together come
 To his Honour, and his Tomb.
 Tho' when dead, his Friends may 'nt raise
 Enough to gild his Fun'ral Bays.

The Players, who scarce know to write
 Their Names, or spell one word aright,
 Or read their Parts, unless writ fair
 In a large *Roman* Character,
 Call us their Slaves, who for their gain
 Must toil, and all their faults sustain.
 In gay Attire each day they shine,
 Eat well, and drink the Richest Wine,
 All fat and plump, except some few
 The *Frenchman* prov'd in yet rate too:
 Look how they strut it as they go,
 And in the streets make such a show,
 As if they'd there Act Princes too!
 While th' Poet sneaking all alone
 In some by-lane where he's unknown;
 No farther than his Pot can go,
 And has a Pipe to th' bargain too.

I hardly

(5)

I hardly a poor Lawyer know,
Unless some who are Poets too.
They thrive by Rapine and Revenge,
And making Enemies of Friends:
Feeding on others hopes and fears,
On Orphants groans, and Widows tears.
In short, the World it self; and all
We Trade, and Art, and Science call,
Are grand Impostures; false and vain,
Invented but to bring in gain.

Astronomy does our Faith engage,
And with dark Notions cheats the Age:
But take off its Disguise, you'll see
It is as feign'd as Poetry.
Else let it for a certain show
Whether this Globe has Wings or no,
Or *Ovid* blame, who said, the Sun
Did run away with *Phaëton*.
I cannot chuse but laugh to think
If these poor Moon-calves had no Drink
But that same thinnish, blewish Whey
Press'd from green Cheese i'th' Milky-way;
When Goddesses make the New Moon,
How soon they'd throw their Cross-staves down!

What is Geometry, I'd know,
But a false Brat of Fancy too?
If 'tis a Science, let it tell
How far from hence the Stars do dwell;

And

And due proportion give between
 A *direct* and a *crooked Line*.
 Yet while the *Dotards* sit at home,
 Each *Line* is tip't with *Golden Plumme*;
 And still we find that each *Right-Angle*
 Some *Gain* or other does entangle;
 As *Tonnellers* catch *Partridge*; so
Geometricians, you must know,
 Although in other things but *Asses*,
 They eat, and drink, and sleep with *Lasses* }
 Between the *Legs* of their *Compasses*.

So th' *Natural Philosopher*
 'S perpetual *Motion* keeps a stir,
 But straight his *Engines* rest obtain,
 And all the *Motion's* in his brain;
 Except some easie hand, forsooth,
 That opens but to fill his mouth.

Rhet'rick, which we so much adore,
 Ne'r had a perfect *Orator*.
 And yet their mouths provide; I trow, }
 As lame and cripled people's do,
 Who lie, because they cannot go. }

And what is *Logick*, but a cheat?
 Nothing, or something worse than it.
 A *Delphick* *Sword*, bends any way }
 To make *Truth* yield to *Sophistry*,
 And bring home *Gold* from *BARBARA*. }

The lingring Chymists blow their fire,
 Till their own Lamps of Life expire;
 And searcheth for th' Inchaned stone,
 Till they themselves grow cold as one;
 Which they would quickly do, but that
 'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
 The great work (much too great for one)
 Cannot be carried on alone,
 But asks more hands; and so another,
 That's Rich, helps his poor Chymick Brother.

Speak, dull Philosopher; what's all
 You, in mistake, do Science call?
 Since *Socrates* with much ado,
 Learn't only that he nothing knew.
 There's nothing unconfin'd and free,
 Except the Soul of Poetry,
 When it does on our Organs play.
 Throw all your Mystick Books away,
 And study Natures Library:
 Mount up to Heaven's refulgent Throne;
 There by the Lab'ring Muses drawn.
 First, pause a while, then Write, and all
 The Gods to Convocation call;
 Then with Imperious frowns survey
 Poor Mortals damn'd to treading clay;
 And raising Piles, till pitying Fate
 Pulls the brick ruins on their pate.
 There laugh at Princes, who do groan
 Under the burden of a Crown:

And

And condemn Riches, which we see }
Is but a Golden Slavery; }
We're Richer far in Poetry. }

But hold!-----

I'm almost starv'd, as I'm a Sinner,
Prethee, *Jack*, Trust me for a Dinner.

Poor Poet! what a wretch th'art grown?
Cast to a Dungeon from a Throne!

Thou who but now did'st reach the Sky,
Low as Despair art forc'd to lie:

Those soaring thoughts thou did'st admire,
With thy Poetick rage expire.

'Twas but a Dream, and now I see
Riddles unty'd to Fetter me.

The Angels height procur'd their Thrall,
But 'tis my lowness makes me Fall.

Had Nature giv'n me a Rich Mine,
As other Fops I'd happy been;

Nor had I been expos'd thus,
To make my plaints ridiculous.

For Wit and Wealth such Rivals are,
That they can't Reign in the same Sphere,

But as when Kings each other thwart,
Th' unhappy Subjects feel the smart:

So those t' whom Nature has been kind,
Must Fortunes Rage and Malice find.

And 'till these Friends and Partners grow,
Who can have Wit and Money too?

But

(9)

But if the World hath such a Creature,
He's Monstrous, and not made by Nature.
Poets are Chymists, who want skill
To perfect Metals as they will;
Yet Clothes, or Money, what you please,
Be sure they'l turn to *Sack* with ease;
Then with that *Sack* they can prepare
Castles, nay, Kingdoms in the Air,
And carve themselves whole Lordships there. }
But since they here so disagree
About a paltry Lawrel Tree,
I wonder what a Dev'l they do,
When to these fancy'd Lands they go:
But hold! they'l all be De'ties there,
And every one will have his Sphere.
For all the Gods of which we read,
Were by th' Almighty Poets made:
And they who did their God-heads make,
May at their pleasures take 'em back.

C

The

The Second CANTO.

HOW often have I seen the Taylor,
 The Shoe-maker, and Milliner,
 And ev'ry Fop that sells his Ware,
 O're this poor Creature domineer?
 And I can't choose but let you know it,
 How a curst *Broker* met a *Poet*,
 Walking through *Smithfield* on a time,
 O're whom he swagger'd thus in Rhime.

Is this your Wit! the Devil take it!
 For without question he did make it.
 The truest Wit is Honesty,
 And to get Coyn your Debts to pay.
 Wit is an Afs, when Money's flow;
 Nay, 'tis that makes the Afs to go.
 Why? I am but a mean Trades-man,
 And yet do more than any Poet can.
 I walk the Streets, yet fear no Dun,
 Nor in their Debts, nor from 'em run.
 Nor yet for fear of being found out,
 Do walk half a mile about.
 Altho' you're in *White-Fryers* lurking,
 I've certain Ingeneers a working:
 And, Sir, unless you quickly pay me,
 Expect a Visit from a *Baylie*.

This

This Language less dismaid the Poet,
 Having been long accusom'd to it:
 Howe're, he thought it not amiss
 To give him these fair promises.

Sweet Sir! I vow I'm mighty sorry
 You've so long tarry'd for your Mony:
 But should you my late Sufferings hear,
 Pity would force you to forbear.
 Howe're, as soon as th' Term begin }
 I shall recruit my self agen; }
 For my *Play* will be ready then. }
 Last Night the *Lord*— read what I'd made on't;
 And should I tell you what he said on't,
 'Twould be immodest in the Author;
 But you'll hear more of it hereafter.
 How're, to tell you as a Friend,
 He did it mightily commend.
 And 'twixt me and you, he said, }
 He did not question to perswade }
 The *King*, and *Court*, to see it Play'd. }
 And if it takes, (which I don't fear)
 'Tmay bring an hundred pounds, or near.
 And for your great Civility,
 Sir, you're the first I intend to pay.

When this Doggrel Speech was ended, }
 The Poet, having lowly bended, }
 Took his leave, by me attended. }

We had not walk'd past half so far
 As 'twixt *Fleet-Bridge* and *Temple-Bar*,
 Ere my sad Brother was so kind,
 As thus to let me know his mind.

Oh, wretched Man! what shall I do!
 Or whither had I best to go!
Job happy was, compar'd to me,
 A Prince in th' midst of's misery.
 Oh Heavens! since all his Grievs I know,
 Why have I not his Patience too?
 Hells self less Torment does contain
 Than is lodg'd in a Poet's brain;
 Howe'er we may hereafter fare,
 I'm sure we meet Damnation here.
 I'd rather be a Dog; or Cat,
 The thing which next my self I hate:
 A Snake, an Adder, or a Toad:
 To these once *Egypt's* Dotage bow'd.
 But me, the wretched'st thing e'r Born,
 Ev'n these by instinct loath and scorn.
 Then fighting, *Oh, my Play!* he cry'd;
 My *Play* both *Houses* have deny'd.
 They tell me, that their Summer-store
 Will all this Winter last, or more:
 Besides, that mine won't please the Times,
 Being Tragedy, and writ in Rhimes.
 Oh, I am ruin'd utterly!
 What shall I do! *My Play! My Play!*

There's

There's no one knows what pains I took,
 Ere I stretch'd it to a Book.
 Nine Months my *Muse* labour'd to bring
 Forth this Abortive, hapless thing:
 And suffer'd more than can be told
 Of Summers heat, and Winters cold.
 I've walk'd from Morning until Noon,
 'Twixt *Lyon-Fields* and *Kentish-Town*;
 Study'ng my self hungry and dry,
 I envy'd th' Beggars on the way.
 Then being forc'd to jogg it home
 Empty as a *vacuum*:
 I'd no way to appease my *Hostess*,
 But vow my *Play* finish'd almost is;
 Then reading what I'd made of t'ore,
 She'd trust me for one shilling more.
 But since she heard it was refus'd,
 None can guess how I've been us'd.
 'Bout Eight o'th' Clock on Thursday Morning,
 (My Angel then giving me warning)
 I had scarce lock'd my Door, but th' Bailly
 Knock'd, saying, he'd a Letter for me:
 From first to last, he knock'd an hour,
 Ere I could get him to give o're;
 But when he saw it was in vain,
 The Rogue went swearing back again.
 But from that time to Sunday Morning,
 I kept the Fort, for all their Storming.
 Then without fear away I went;
 Thanks to the *King* and *Parlement*.

And now it is five days compleat,
 Since I had any thing to eat:
 Nor know I where to get Relief,
 No, not one Meal to save my Life.
 I've not a Neighbour, or Relation,
 But when they see me, quit their Station,
 And from me, as a Plague, they go,
 I wish my Creditors would do so!
 The Dev'l a rag of Clothes has *Jack*,
 'Sides these you see upon my back;
 And they're so torn, I'm taken still
 For a walking Paper-Mill.

My *Hat* is like a Funnel grown,
 To vent the Vapours of my Crown.

M' Eternal *Peruque* does appear
 Golden, as *Apollo's* Hair,
 And the Moss which hides my Face
 Is thicker, and as long as his.

My *Breeches* like th' Ship *Ango* seem,
 Which is, and yet is not the same;
 For 'tis so patch'd, you cannot call
 One shred of't the Original.

As for my *Cloak*, 'tis well enough,
 Only 'tis out of Fashion now.
 But I'm content my Rags 't does hide,
 For this is an ill time for Pride.

My *Stockings* are worfe rent and torn,
 Than ever *Poverty* was drawn:
 And round about more *Stars* appear }
 Than *Ursa major* has in th' Sphere,
 Or any *Constellation* there. }

My *Shoes*, made of thin *Spanish* Leather,
 Do sigh, and sob this Rainy Weather:
 And in dumb Language of their own,
 Pity mine, 'cause their *Souls* are gone.

As for my *Linnen*, let 't alone, }
 It needs not a Description;
 As I'm a Poet, I have none. }

My lac'd *Crevat* lies in *Shoe-Lane*,
 Pawn'd for Tripe, and Chitterlin,
 With an honest Mother there,
 One *Mistress Smith*, a *Victualler*.

My *Shirt* lies Morgag'd in a Celler,
 About the middle of *Long-Acre*,
 With a Shee-Cook, call'd *Goody Dutton*,
 For Porrage, Beans, and Chops of Mutton.

Oh that I had a wooden Leg!
 Or but one Arm, then might I beg!
 I'd Steal or Cheat, did I know how,
 'Tis better hang than perish so.

I could

I could not hear this piteous moan
 Unmov'd, nor let him sigh alone.
 But when I'd all the Comfort gave,
 He could from Friendly Advice receive;
 I lent him six-pence, which was half
 Of the small Stock I had my self.
 Then after many thanks, and vows,
 Unto *White-Fryers* straight he goes:
 Where Bread and Cheefe he said he'd buy;
 Or fill himself with Curds and Whey.

You see what Malice Fate has shown
 To this poor Wretch, who once was known }
 To be the gayest Spark in Town.
 One who would play at six-pence gleeck,
 And go to *Creswel's* once a week:
 Who Din'd at *Locket's* ev'ry day,
 And sate in th' Boxes at a Play.
 Envy it self cannot dispraise
 His Poems, nor some of his Plays.
 Three of which just Applause did bear
 In the *Royal Theatre*.
 Lords and Knights desired to be
 Made happy in his Company;
 And did with a due Rev'rence mark
 Him, as he walk'd the Streets or *Park*.
 But this did in a moment cease,
 'Twas but a sudden, short-liv'd blaze,
 Like that which is from Meteors sent,
 Which end their Shine when th' Fuel's spent.

Running

Running in Debt, and living High, }
 And the hissing of his last Play, }
 Did bring him to this Misery.

May all the Sons of *Helicon* }
 Take heed, this Fate prove not their own! }
 For I've a shrewd suspicion!
 I've seen the briskest of our Crew
 Walk peny-less, and hungry too,
 In *Temple-walks*, 'bout Dinner-time,
 Digesting his crude thoughts int' Rhime;
 Where, if he meets with a Sir-fool,
 With empty Head, and Pockets full,
 Up to him straight he'll make, and cry,
 Where does your Worship Dine to day?
 I was this Morning bid by two,
 But Faith I don't much care to go, }
 I'd rather take a bit with you. }
 Then, stretching, swears he is not right,
 Since being plaguy drunk last Night.
 And's Company, you needs must know,
My Lord— Sir John— and God knows who.
 But tho' the Gallant he attacks,
 Not the least Invitation makes:
 He must, he says, out of esteem,
 Not that he's Hungry, wait on him.
 Then as soon as Dinner's ended,
 And his last Work read and commended,
 (Which without Vanity, he says,
 Is th' best he writ, his Master-piece.)

He whisp'ring in his Cully's ear,
 Makes his Necessity appear:
 Tells him of his last-nights expence,
 And how he's not recruited since.
 Then begs his Pard'n, he must away, }
 To get a Ticket for th' new Play, }
 Acted at the *Duke's House* to day.

I've sev'ral *Coffee-Houses* known }
 By these unhappy Guests undone, }
 For People, now adays, are grown }
 So wise, they first of all peep in, }
 And if a Poet there is seen, }
 They presently down stairs agen. }
 For who a Devil cares to sit
 To be drawn by a Poet's wit?
 Sir *Am'rous* can't make a Relation
 Of his last-nights Assignment.
 The *Sycophant* can't exercise
 His Art, for these quick-sighted Spies:
 Nor *Fopling* comb his Wigg, but they
 Make it a Humour for a Play.
 The Cheat, the Pick-pocket, and Bully,
 (Who're the best Guests, and spend most Money)
 Flie the loath'd House where these appear,
 As if the Constable were there.

But there are some of Honour yet, }
 Who're great pretenders unto Wit, }
 And that they m' seem t' encourage it, }

Will have a Poet at their tail;
 And whom to know that you mayn't fail,
 Has an old-fashion thread-bare Coat,
 Foul Linnen, Hat not worth a groat.
 If it be Summer, Freeze he'l wear;
 In th' Winter Stuff, and that so bare, }
 His Lice can scarce find Harbour there. }
 Perhaps, he wears a Sword by's side,
 To 'ts Hilt one yard of Ribband ty'd.
 In fine, by all he meets, he's t'ane
 To be th' *Epitome* of *Long-Lane*.
 And when their Lord-ships walk before
 To th' Tavern, or to see a Whore,
 He's caution'd not to come too nigh,
 Lest he disgrace the Company:
 But b'hind like one new fluxt does crawl,
 And lets each Foot-boy take the Wall.
 But when he comes to th' place design'd,
 Their Lordships use to seem more kind.
 There he may swagger, swear, and lie,
 And do any thing --- but pay.
 Then after a sufficient stay,
 Borrows a Crown, and so good-by'e.

The Third CANTO.

I'D e'en forgot to let you know
 The Club w' once kept in *Channel-row*,
 Where *A. & B. C. D. & I*,
 Were th' elements o'th' Company:
 But all which past, there was so common;
 'Tis scarce worth th' pains of a Relation,
 How they kept a hideous pother,
 Damning the Times, and one another.
 Who most Glasses did destroy,
 Or with most Courage beat the Boy.
 How such-a-one commends a Whore,
 Which t'other prizes Sack before.
 Or who so neatly div'd away,
 Ere he his Reckoning did pay.
 Humours so trite as these, are known
 To ev'ry Tapster in the Town.
 But e're they so unruly grew,
 Thus each ones Character I drew.

A. as 'tis first in th' Alphabet,
 So here he took the highest seat.
 As one whose Fortune, Birth, and Wit,
 Indeed did truly merit it.
 And here he neither struts nor swaggers,
 As I have known some Kings o'th' Beggars.

But

But that convenient distance gave,
 Which else they'd take without his leave.
 But him let all with Rev'rence name
 The Darling, and the Pride of Fame:
 Who's so all over wrapt in Bays,
 There's nothing to be seen but's Praise.
 He's one t' whom each Officious Muse
 Were of their Favours so profuse,
 That they have brought themselves to be
 Fed by his Mercy now; and we,
 The little Infants of the Art,
 Do as severely feel the smart,
 Deny'd a Younger Brothers part. }
 Nay, all our stocks won't mount t' a sum
 To pay him an *Encomium*.
 He's one whose Works, in times to come,
 Will be as Honour'd, and become
 Deathless as Ben's or Cowley's are, }
 As Beaumont, Fletcher, or Shakespear, }
 One he himself is pleas'd t' admire.
 Nor could these Laureats living, be
 Better prefer'd, or lov'd than he.
 What could the *Muses* more have done,
 Or *Apollo* for a Son?
 Yet still he discontented is,
 And snarles at all the happiness
 The Richest Poetry can bring,
 And wounds it too with its own Sting.
 But who can blame that Active Soul,
 Which in a larger Sphere would roul?

Whose

Whose Wit and Learning does deserve
More than that narrow Art can give.

Next unto *A. B.* took his place,
Or Sir *Fopling*, if you please.
I mean that Famous Limner, who
So exactly his own Picture drew.
Bless me! how neat a Wigg he has!
What a rich Watch and Pocket-Glass!
What a gay Suit trim'd all about!
Made by a *French-man* without doubt.
His Ruffles and Cravat's all Lace,
Poynt a Venice he says it is.
To what advantage does he wear
His Rings? How stuff with Stones they are?
One having this Inscription,
My Plow is all my Portion.
For you must know he's kept by a Miss,
A *French* one too, I've heard she is;
Whose Favours tho' he strives to shew,
Her scars he has, I assure you too.
Here I must his Description end,
For fear he should a Challenge send.
Tho' he had better stay at home,
To Hector Foot-boy, or a Groom.

On th' other side Heroick *C.*
Did seat himself most formally.
Whose Clothes now did not seem so bad,
Because he lately vamp't 'em had.

His

His Hat new dress'd, darn'd were his Hose,
And neatly underlay'd his Shoes.

His Lac'd Cravats again appear,
And his kind Laundress lets him wear }
His Ruffles, and an Hankercher. }

And now he seems to be a made Man,
Since he an Int'rest got in *Cadem*----

Who now-and-then does not refuse
A Crown, t' encourage a slow Muse,

A Dish of Coffee, or Bochet,
Or on a Sunday a Meals-meat.

And 'tis most Charitably done,
T' encourage such a wretched one,

Without hopes of a Recompence,
At least 'till two or three years hence,
About which time his Play, we guess,
Will be ready for the Press.

He's one who much of *Oxford* talks,
Its stately Structures, Air, and Walks:

Who, in his time, were Proctors there; }
How often he was caught, and where, }
Or with what craft he 'scap'd the snare. }

But if you speak one word of's Chumb,
The man immediately grows dumb.

Then who sat next, if you would know it,
'Twas *D.* the brisk lack-latine Poet;
Who'll talk of *Virgil* and *Horatius*,
Homer, *Ovid*, and *Lucretius*.

And

And by the help of I know who,
 Sometimes presumes to quote 'em too.
 He's the fam'd Comedian of the Town,
 Who near a dozen Plays does own,
 Tho' I dare swear he ne'r writ one:
 But he has good Acquaintance, tho',
 I am inform'd, a Lord or two,
 To whom he brings the lump; and they
 Club to mould it to a Play.
 And if my Author tells me right,
 Epistles too themselves they write.
 May they continue to do so,
 Or else poor D. to th' Goal must go,
Angling for single Money in a Shoe.

Lastly, I must my self explain,
 One of the same unhappy Train:
 Who neither Wit or Learning boast,
 For both are in a Poet lost.
 Scatter'd to nought in his Career,
 Through Airy Roads, he knows not where.
 Neither do I hope to find
 One grain of Fortune left behind.
 For all I grasp'd which pleas'd me here,
 Whether they VVealth, or Honours were,
 As soon they were snatch'd back again,
 And swallow'd in this Hurricane.
 But, Sir, I need not op'e to you
 These Ulcers of my Fate anew,
 You've seen so oft, and pitty'd too.

I'll therefore only blame the Cause
Which did such Miseries produce:
And then for ever bid good-by
To that stary'd Hag of Poverty.

The Fourth CANTO.

P*Hæbus!* art thou the God of Wit,
Yet takest no more care of it?
Because thou art invoc'd by us,
Must we be damn'd and tortur'd thus?
And art resolv'd, lean Poverty,
Shall still thy Badge and Liv'ry be?
As well, let Paper Mills, and all
The lousie Tribe of Begger's Hall,
With the ragged Gipsie-Cruel,
Be Dedicated to thee too!
All the *Muses* ask thee why
Thou 'dopt'st 'em to such Slavery!
And suffer'st ev'ry Fop in Town,
For to insult and trample on
These rad'ent Diadems of thy Crown!
Sure thou want'st *Power* to Rule below;
For 'tis not *Policy* to do so!
No! *Kings* their Greatness do secure
By their *Subjects* Wealth and Pow'r.
Nay, th' *Gods* may lose their Deities,
If their Religious *Votaries*

Do so Poor and Needy grow,
 That they want *Victims* to bestow.
 But Wit will above all things cease,
 Deny'd the helps of Wealth and Ease.
 It must be cherish'd and kept warm;
 Which, like the *Halcyon*, hates a Storm.
 But since I find I am us'd so,
 And treated worse than *Turk* or *Jew*:
 Since the Tinker and his Trull
 Strut it with their Bellies full:
 Since the Cobler and the Sweep-Chimney
 Live happier and more safe than me,
 I'll quit thy Service, great *Apollo*,
 And some new Vocation follow:
 And tear thy *Idea's* from my Brain,
 With thy starv'd, wretched Female Train.

But must I from thy Service go
 Naked, in mid't of Winter too?
 Did I for this a year, or more,
 Thy Airy, empty Shrine adore?
 Are thus my Cares and Watchings pay'd?
 The thousand Vows and Prayers I made?
 The Lights which on thy Altar shone,
 When thou wert forc'd to hide thy own?
 Think how oft thou hast me espy'd
 Walking by such a Rivers-side!
 When I saw thy shining Beam
 Gild the smooth Surface of the Stream,

Thou know'st I did thy Image greet,
 And sang a thousand Hymns to it.
 But since I find I am thus serv'd,
 Rent and torn, and almost starv'd,
 Yet would'st thou have me longer stay
 To expect a fairer Day?
 Should I be couzen'd to do so,
 And again my Vows renew,
 My Case would never better'd be
 Under thy Conduct; no, tho' I
 Should share in th' Immortality. }

Loath'd Muse! Hag of my rest, be gone!
 Who'rt Scandalous as Avice grown:
 Common as any Whetstone-Whore,
 Where Poets learn their Stage-Amour.
 Go jilt among thy Vot'ries there,
 And clap 'em with Poetick fire!
 Flie to some Rhymer of the Town,
 By his lean, hungry Visage known!
 That Renegado, whiffling Blade,
 Who's not himself but when he's Mad!
 But 'tis not all thy Syren-charms
 Can again tempt me to thy Arms:
 For I too well thy Couz'nage know,
 Thy hollow Heart, and painted Brow.
 How first thou to my Brain did'st creep,
 And whil'st my Sense was lock'd in sleep,
 Thou did'st before my Fancy's Eye
 A thousand gaudy Fantasms lay.

Then thorow false Perspectives show
 Groves, where gilded Lawrels grow,
 And ev'ry Tree's Ambrosiack Root
 With Arms of Nectar clasp'd about,
 In whose bright Streams I did espie
 Nine Naked Airy Ladies play:
 Some swimming on their Backs were seen,
 Who rise aloft, then dive agen;
 Whilst others yet more Am'rous grew
 And seem'd not only to bestow
 Brimmers, but gave Embraces too.
 And th' little Mansions where they dwell
 Were some of Gold, and some of Pearl,
 Tyld and Pav'd with Tortoise-shell.

A hundred things as vain as these,
 Did once my partial Fancy please!
 But when I look'd about to know
 Whether they real were, or no;
 I apprehended the mistake,
 As Dreams of Pleasures when we wake,
 For when the crafty *Muses* thought
 They'd me for a Disciple got,
 They took the painted Scene away,
 Lay'd down their Smiles and Flattery
 And now in their own Shapes appear
 Rough, and Ghastly, as they are.

Wherefore once more, Ladies adieu!
 Farewel to England, and to you.

For I'm resolv'd, and now given Chain I row, No
 Shan't draw me to yee back again I wou I
 Tho' *Juno* should assure me more, For T
 Than she did *Paris* heretofore, quoth of the
 Or *Venus* too, at the same time, I'd not pick up
 I would not give 'em thanks in Rhyme. Give her
 No, tho' should all of you agree For maintain
 To give your *Helicon* to me. No, I'd not give
 Tho' those dear Bays I once did woo, For all the
 Should strive to cling about my Brow, I'd sell
 Nay, tho' they were gilded too, I'd not
 I'd thence those fruitless Branches tear, To see
 And throw 'em with my Muse in th' fire, I'd
 So what she so long courted, shall I'd
 At last adorn her Funeral. O

Here I would end, being much in haste, When
 And tyr'd with scribbling so fast: I
 Howe're a word or two I'll add, I
 Left you infer from what I've said, To know
 That Poverty's the only cause I
 VVhich makes me thus desert my Muse. To the
 Thus far, indeed, the cause 't'as bin, I
 As 'tis th' effect of such a sin. I
 For who 'n that Art can hope to thrive, I
 VVhich does such wicked Licence give? I
 VVhose first Founders *Pagans* were, I
 Groping for Truth they knew not where? I
 And shall we *Christians* Sacrifice I
 To their Fantastick Deities? I

No,

No, were I Rich enough on Earth,
 I would not keep a *Post's* Shop,
 Nor Traffick in such dang'rous *VVare*,
 They sell so cheap, and buy so dear,
 I'd not pick up each *VVhore's* Letter,
 Give her a *Guyse* and a *Treat*,
 Nor maintain *Pimps* nor *Bawds* for wit,
 No, I'd not give one brass *Half-crown*
 For all the *Bawdry* in the *Town*,
 For all th' *Intrigues* your *Whore's* *Bawd*,
More-Fields, or *Tower-Hill* afford,
 To see *Miss Betty* ev'ry day,
 Dance Naked, or the *Tumbler* play,
 How well upon her Head she stood,
 Or with what Art she us'd the Rod,
 Or how she was unrig'd and kick'd,
 VVhen *Sir John* found his *Rockers* pick'd.

I have not been at *Newgate* yet,
 To learn the *Lifter*, or the *Cheat*,
 But such lewd Learning let alone
 To the brisk *Poets* of the *Town*.

F I N I S.

